wonderful—a dreamy, poetic-looking creature in a blue smock, far more of an artist than an actor—he promised to paint quite beautifully—and full of aspirations and ideals. In those days began a friendship between us which has lasted unbroken until this moment. His father and mother were delightful people, and very kind to me always. Every one was kind to me at this time. Friends whom I had thought would be estranged by my long absence rallied round me and welcomed nie as it if were six minutes instead of six years since I had dropped out of their ken. i was not yet a " made " woman, but I had a profitable engagement, and a delightful one, too, with Charles Reade, and I felt an enthusiasm for rny work which had been wholly absent when *I* had returned to the stage the first time. My children were left in the country at first, but they came up and joined me when, in the year following " The Wandering Heir/' I went to the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's. I never had the slightest fear of leaving them to their own devices, for they always knew how to amuse themselves, and were very independent and dependable in spite of their extreme youth. I have often thanked Heaven since that, with all their faults, my boy and girl have never been lazy and never dull. At this time Teddy always had a pencil in his hand, when he wasn't looking for his biscuit—he was a greedy little thing!—and Edy was hammering clothes on to her dolls with tin-tacks 1 Teddy said poetry beautifully, and when he and his sister were still tiny mites, they used to go through scene after scene of ''

As You Like
It," fpr their tftyn amusement, not for an
audience, in the
wilderness" at Hampton Court. They were
by no means
prodigies, but it did not surprise me that my
son, when he
grew up, should be first a good actor, then an
artist of some
originality, and should finally turn all his
brains and in-
dustry to new developments in the art of the
theatre. My